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SHADOW - TOWN.

By
Leigh Gross Day.





Class PZ8

Book 13

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IN
SHADOW-
TOWN.

By
Leigh Grosz Day.

The Saalfeld Publishing Company
New York Akron, O. Chicago

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Leigh Cross



Just beyond that glistening strand
 That looks so much like Fairy land.
 With its merry twinkle of countless stars
 That peep at night, through Heaven's bars;
 Out there where the sun in gold goes down
 That is the way to Shadow-Town.



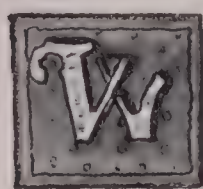
DEDICATION:

This is just a home-time story
With no hero and no glory.
But while writing what my little folks have told,
Seems to me I hear them chatter,
And in fancy small feet patter
Through these verses that are meant
for young and old.



I am not
 the not
 you not and the father
 of all
 You are not all the same
 like the others in the family
 I am not like you when you talk
 in the same way
 by the same way
 of the same way
 When you are young I
 in the same way
 I am not
 like the others
 I am not
 like the others

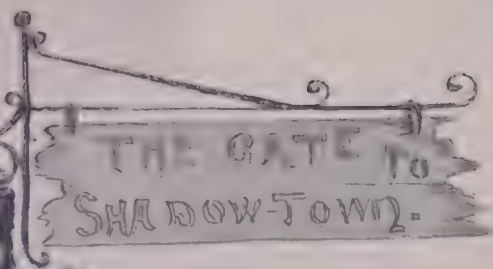
— To The Little Folks. —



hen you read them
Please remember
That each story here is true.
For these same
small Shadow children
When at home are just like you.

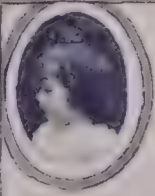


Leigh Cross Day.



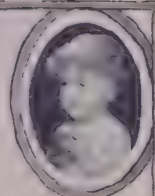
The Castle Free From Care.
 Treasures.
 Seven Yeary Old
 Engines.
 Just Good Bye.
 Noise For Three.
 Our Baby.
 An Important Letter.
 Easter.
 Reflection.
 In Big Folks Land.
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A Girl Can't Wade.

A Song Without Words.

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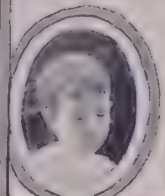
My Boys.

The Snow Flake's Message.

Five O'Clock Tea.

The Closed Gate.

The Finish.



Eight Five Two.



Castle Free From Care



In the land of the free and the home of the brave,
 Where the people are free to live and to work,
 Where the people are free to speak and to think,
 And where the people are free to love and to care.

There the flowers are always blooming,
 For the people are free to grow and to care,
 For the people are free to love and to care,
 And the people are free to live and to care,
 Only in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

All these happy days I have spent in the land of the free,
 And I have seen the people live and to care,
 And I have seen the people love and to care,
 And I have seen the people live and to care,
 Only in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I have seen the people live and to care,
 And I have seen the people love and to care,
 And I have seen the people live and to care,
 And I have seen the people love and to care,
 Only in the land of the free and the home of the brave.



TREASURES.

I treasure the horn, with its
bugle call.

This flag I have played with;
For although we once used them
on dress parade,
We are great big boys today.

Youssee, we play tennis and
foot-ball now;

So this bucket and spade are just toys,
But they make us smile when we
think of the beach,
And those two bare-foot boys.





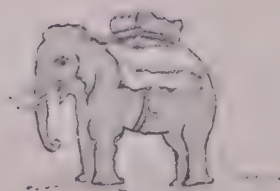
In Childhood's Glad Hours

Then in childhood's glad hour, with old fishing rod
 That is now such a sorry sight.
 With what patience we waited out there in the sun
 For just one fish to bite.

Leigh Gross Duv.

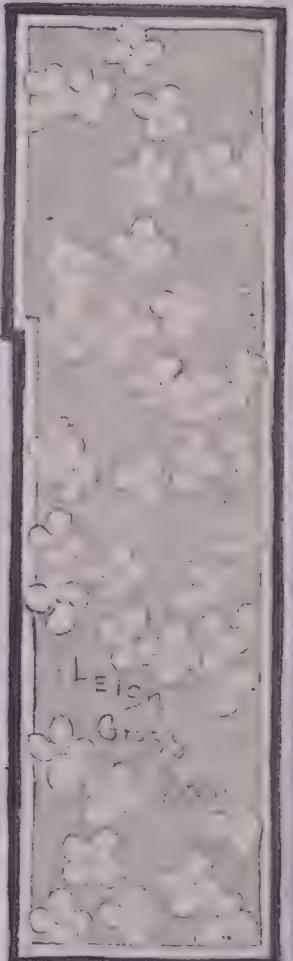
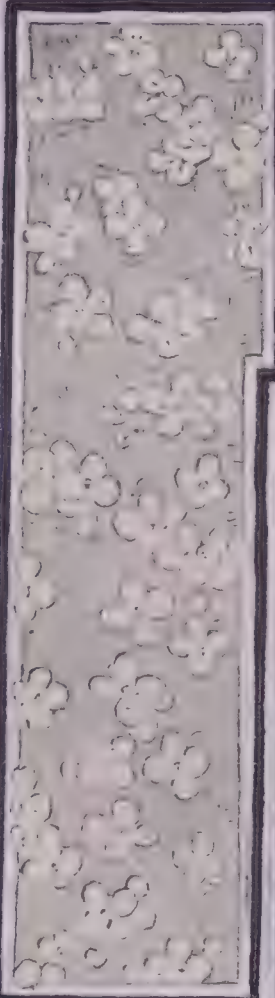


The toys that are
now out grown

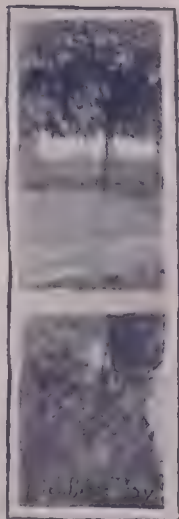




So the toddlers are gone, and the
big boys are here
With vague dreams of a Great Unknown,
But they still gather treasures
and lay them away,
Like the toys that are now out-grown,



Leigh
Gross



S E V E N Y E A R S O L D .

A Brave Little Man.

Mother and baby have gone away, but I'm seven years old, so do not care.
I shall put on my soldier suit every day, 'cause that's what I like to wear.
And my, how, baby takes all my things, in the Punch and Judy play.
She wanted the doll that laughs and sings, so I'm glad she has gone away.

This morning for school, father gave me a dime. I ran to the store and spent it,
He says he will give me one every time, do you suppose he meant it?
And then last night, he said with a smile, if you want to sit up you may.
So I just hope she will stay awhile, now Mother has gone away.



1891 Cross Day.

A Forlorn little Man.

I am tired of wearing my
 Tired of wearing my
 And I want to go to bed
 But I don't want to go to bed

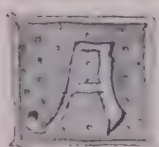
Shut my eyes to sleep
 Oh! I want to see her
 But I don't want to see her

The little man is so
 The little man is so
 The little man is so
 The little man is so

He don't want to go to bed
 Cause father is not home, no,
 He says he wants baby so bad he can't wait.
 I want my Ale



Excuses.



I have gone to bed,
After all my prayers are said,
They turn the light and leave me there
And sometimes I cry out
I try to think of what to say
To make my Mother come and stay
To wait, until the light is out
And then I call or sometimes shout—



Can't I have one more Kiss please?
Or else, you see, I try to sneeze,
'Cause I know that she'll come quick
If they think I'm awful sick.
Please, can't I have my doll in bed?
Are you sure my cat is fed?
Then when there's nothin' more to say
And they have really gone away,
I whisper low and almost cry—
I guess you know the reason why—
I want a drink from my own cup,
And I can't cover me all up.



JUST GOOD-BYE.

When I leave my baby sister
I shall not know what to say,
Just "Good-bye" won't do I'm certain
'Cause I'm going off to stay.

If I ride down street with Mother
And leave baby at the door
Then "Good-bye" you see is plenty.
But there must be something more—

For me to tell my little sister
Can I only say "Good-bye"?
Why, I shall not see the darling
For so long, it makes me cry.

They are all one of those questions
I never find a better way
Just "Good-bye" and "I shall see you soon"
For I can't

When the parting is
For good.





NOISE FOR THREE.



They are sitting on the bench
And holding long sticks in their hands

Enjoying the play
And making a noise which is
Very loud and very free

I watch them from the side
And see them play with
The long sticks and the noise
Which they make with their hands

So we try not to notice
Or even tin horns for you
The little men must play pretty hard
To make a noise so loud



Copyright 1904

OUR BABY.



I look back through the years of
Life's best and best,
When each happy day was filled
With the smiling look of a baby girl.
When every room was filled
With the sound of a baby's cry,
For the first time of a mother's love
In her baby's smiling eyes,
As she smiled away to the world of old
A little sweet queen of the world,
With her eyes as blue as a summer sky,
And her hair as golden and bright.



I thought

the sunbeams

were

Were

looking

at me

and

saying

how

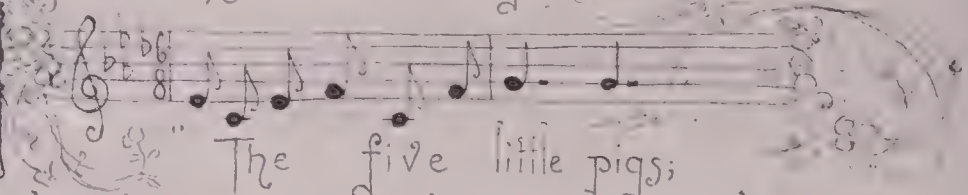


he was queen of the household
 too, you see,

An empress in full sway,
 For the smallest wish of this toddler wee
 No one would disobey.
 I but half enjoyed her dear cunning ways,
 I forgot they could not last,
 That soon peek-a-boo and those baby plays
 Would be forever past.

She would "patty-cake, patty-cake" all day long,

But when twilight settled down



"The five little pigs;

A sleep time song, Would waft her to Shuteye-Town

Where the phantom boat, with its poppies bright, Sailed away
 On the sea of Sweet Rest, While the Starling twinkled a drowsy
 "Good Night, To the baby on my breast. Then the Night wind
 would echo his sleepy call

In that harbor of great renown,

Where the Dream Ship
 enters the portals so tall
 And lowers its anchor down.



But the Slumber Ship, from that shadow shore, Never calls
 for our baby today; And now I can't rock her to sleep
 any more, "Where has she gone?" you say?



Leigh Gross Day.

I smile through
my tears,
At a bright happy face.
Our baby is gone, it is true,
But a proud little school girl
has taken her place,
Who is busy the whole
day through.





An Important Letter.

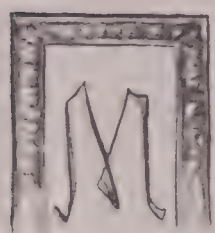
in the sunshine, I put to bed lots of dear little baby seeds,
God waked the flowers,

But waked it nee? He didn't call the weeds

The sweet pansy faces were still fast asleep tucked snug down under the trees,
When the tulip buds jumped out with a laugh and beckoned and called the sweet peas.
Then next the morning glories waked up, 'cause they knew they must climb so high
The nasturtiums, too, with a blush peeped out and winked at the asters close by.



They Knew They Must Climb So High.



My dear Mother

Thank you for your letter

and for the money you have sent me. I am
 very glad to hear from you and hope you are
 well. I am well and hope you are the same.



EASTER.



Would you know the message the lilies told
 When we peeped into their hearts of gold?
 They said, our baby who came last night
 In a beautiful basket all snowy white,
 Just floated down through the twilight dim
 In answer to my Easter Hymn.



IN BIG-FOLKS LAND



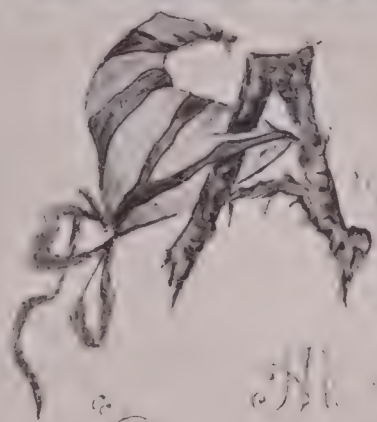
Uncle Sam,
with his top hat,
A Countryman,
dressed for a ball.

Come, Papagaws who they are,
and try —

Hey, you should know them all.
He shakes his head with
a puzzled frown.

Are these ladies dressed
in gorgeous gowns,
My folks who dwell at
Shades Tower?
He wonders will —





Happy Land, a land of
 joy and peace, where
 we are free to live and
 play, with our happy rollicking band.
 Come let me whisper it low in your ear,
 for you never will guess, I am sure, how near
 we are coming back - you will find us here,
 that happy land, in Happy Land.

Boys.



There were lots of
tangled curls,
That all belonged to me,
But they
weren't any use at all,
At least, that I could see.

I begged so hard to have 'em cut,
Bobbed straight around my ears,
That Mamma had the barber come
And bring his great big shears.
The funniest thing about it was,
How Mamma looked, you know,
Cause her face was dreadful sorry
When she saw the first one go.
And Papa too, when he come home,
And could not find a curl,
Just shook his head, he was not sure,
I was his baby girl.





In boys' thread I looked for my doll on Tuesday morning
 But when I came to bed at night the thing was gone!
 I took my bestest dolly and went out to make a call.
 And the little girl I went to see don't know what night it was.

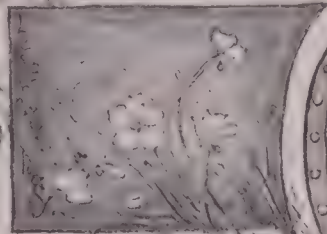


don't want to tell you what I look so very queer
 So when I came to bed at night I slipped in between
 With all my arms around her neck, before I was to bed last night.
 "Oh please put my curly hair again and fasten them on tight."



THE COMFORT SONG.

I climb most every
evening
When the shadows all
grow long,
Up where it's snug in
Papa's lap,
To hear my Comfort song.
The fire-light is always
dim, and he
Sings soft and low
About that land so far
away, where sleepy
poppies grow.





When it's most time for him to come
I take a doll, and wait
Here by the window where we're sure
To see him at the gate.
And then I bring his easy-chair,
His slippers, and the things
That make us cosy, nice, and snug
While Papa rocks and sings.

Sometimes the Sandman comes along, then both my eyes go down,
And I float off on poppy flowers away to Shuteye-Town,
Before the song's half finished, just as Papa used to do
Cause that's how they would comfort him, when he was little too.

We always sing it just the same, I know it's old, and yet
It makes my troubles disappear, and some how I forget
How bad my finger hurted, for all the dreadful things
Just seem to melt and go away, when Papa rocks and sings—

In his big chair beside the fire, where the shadows come and go,
Out on the floor and on the wall as we rock to and fro.
Of course I know it's just a song, and may-be it's not true,
But it always seems to comfort me as nothing else can do.



THE SECRET FOR THREE.

I sometimes visit a garden
 With high walls and bordered walks,
 Where, standing watch and guard at the portals,
 Are tall bright holly hocks.

I must not step on the smooth green grass,
 I must not pick the flowers,
 But dolly and I can walk all around,
 And just pretend it's ours.



Dolly And I.



I Talk To The Polite Children.



A Dear Little Kitten.

Going to the garden, little
 The lives in the garden, little
 And always pretend this little girl
 Is just a very one.

I talk to the little children too,
 As they stand by the well in long rows.
 Where does the sun get your colors so bright,
 Is it up where the rainbow grows?



H

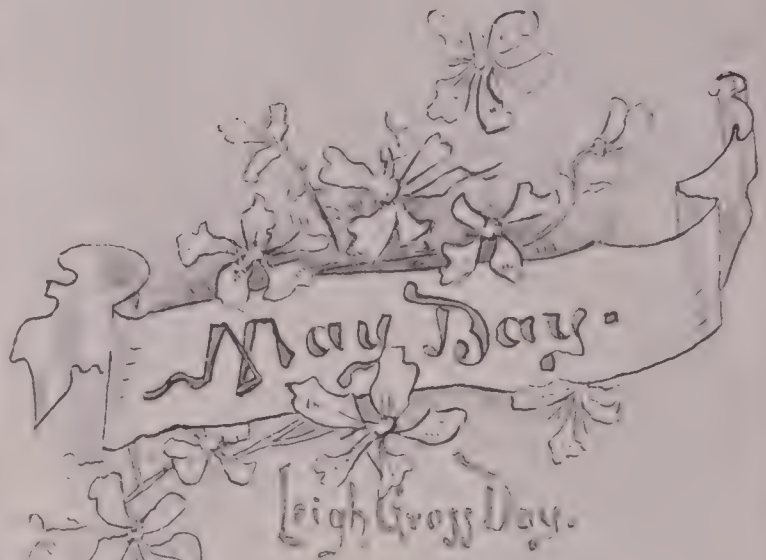
How lovely and tender
 Did you ever see
 A flower, I say to
 On the wonderful earth
 When the light
 That brings a gentle smile

O

For you will soon know
 But only you'll
 See and me?
 Pipe says the best
 The best
 But you'll know the best



Auntie and sister and me.



We went to
 a May party down
 in the field
 Under the old thorn tree.
 Nobody else could go
 that day
 But Auntie and sister
 and me.



I don't know how long I shall stay
To come and there and stay
Till night and the trees and flowers
Give parties the first of May



Leigh Cross Day.



he birds high up in the branches
Would chirp and twitter and sing
Do you suppose they were making us
Or were they just singing?



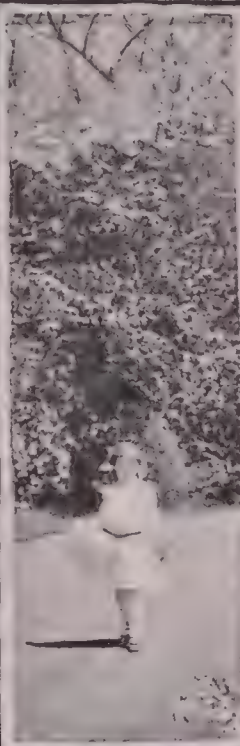
Every one had a
 cordial welcome,
Why even the tall green grass
Would brush our skirts
 and nod and bend
Very low to see us pass.

A dear little brook we saw
 on the way
Has flowers on either side.
Im sure that's where
 the fairies stay
When they have to go and hide.

Cause there on the stones
 I peeped way down
 Where the water is filled
 with blue sky,
 And I saw a white cloud
 like a fairy boat
 Go sailing swiftly by.
 So I just played
 I was a fairy too
 Like the ones that live in the grass.



For I fixed my hair as the fairies do
 With the brook for a looking-glass.

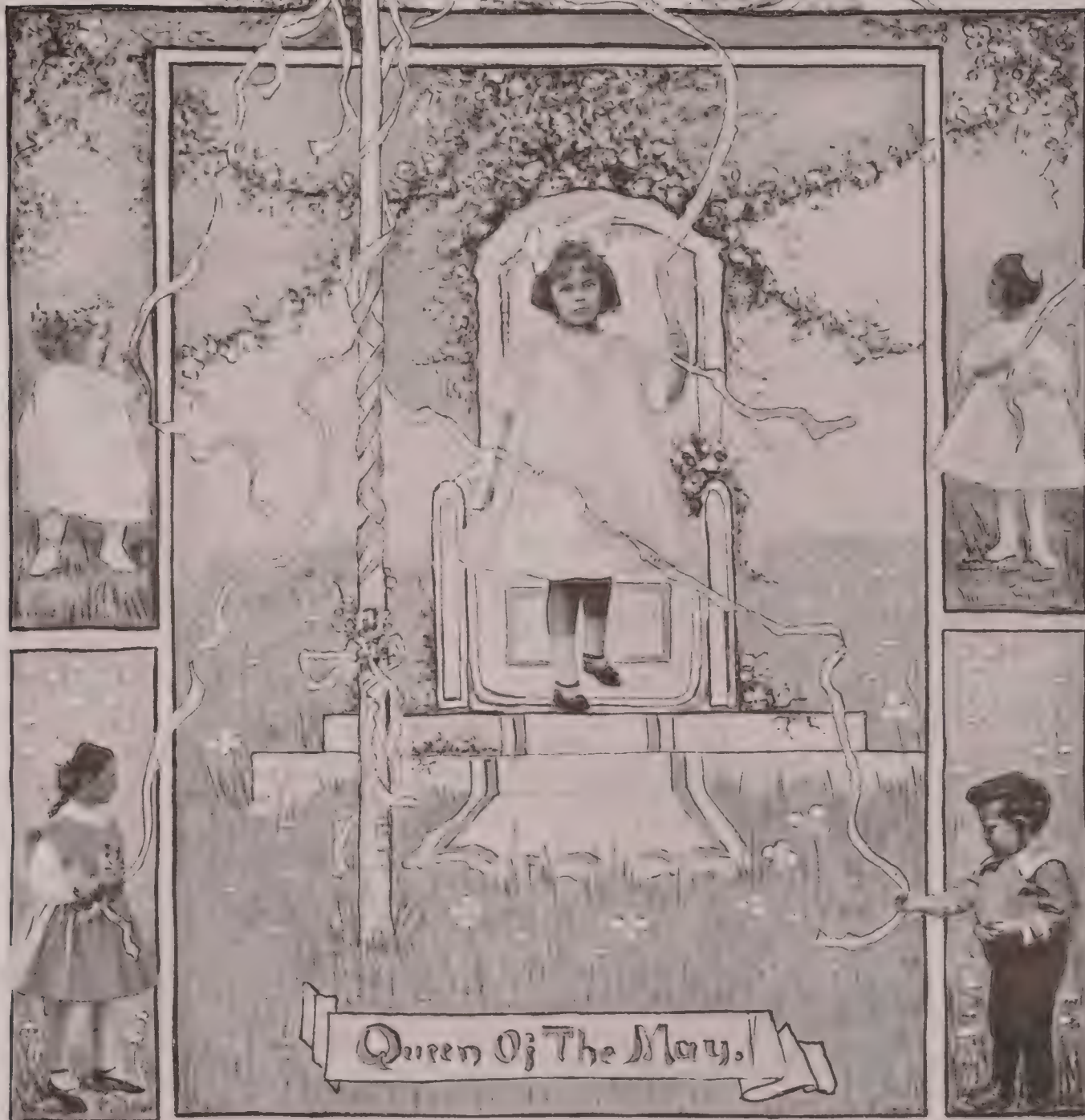


Pretty White Blossoms.

Light Green Day.

The pretty white blossoms that Auntie picked
Seemed to laugh and almost smile,
They thought it fun to come down from the tree
And stay with us awhile.

We had apples and cake for refreshments,
But for dishes, we had to play
The blossoms were cups, and the leaves were plates
On our table, that first of May.



When we came home
 I was most tired out
 And so went to bed right away
 But I waked up once
 to tell Mamma how
They had crowned me Queen of the May.

TOMORROW.

Mother, may I have my doll,
That one you put away?
"Yes, tomorrow, dear," I answer,
Mother waits her reply.

The book with pictures in it.



Then she asks for her toy dishes,
Or the book with pictures in it.
"Yes, tomorrow, but just now, dear,
I don't seem to have a minute."

The bright face looks strangely worried
As she shakes her curly head,
"Don't you s'pose that I'll be grow'd up
'fore tomorrow comes?" she said.

"Oh, I'm sure I hope I won't be
'Cause you know that doll can talk,
And I somehow wanted dreadful
Just to take her for a walk.

Then I thought we'd have a party,
It's such fun to pour out tea,
If we only had some dishes,
Out here in the yard, you see."

So I waited till her nap-time
Then I brought each toy with care,
Meaning she should find on waking
Everything she'd asked for there.

Then she questioned with grave wonder,
"May I have them and go play?
Mother, did you get them for me,
Has tomorrow come today?"

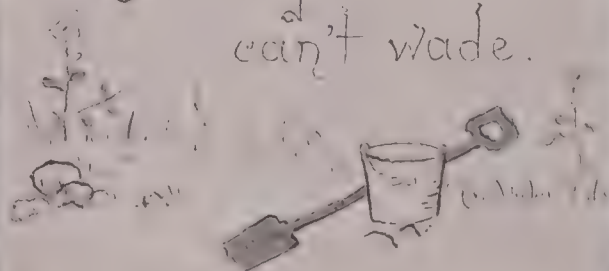
A Girl Can't Wade.

They some-how always seem
to sneeze
If water reaches to their knees.
They never try to step at all
But only sorter slide
and fall—
A girl can't wade.

Out on a rock, that's smooth
and brown
Just you take care, or she'll sit down.
Or out in the middle, if she
should try—
The water would be
a lot too high—
A girl can't wade.



For I just never
saw one yet
That wasn't 'fraid
of gettin' wet.
And if they do,
they cry,
"oh dear!"
Of course I know
it's mighty queer
But a girl
can't wade.



Leigh Cross Day.



A Song Without Words.

Mamma went to a grand entertainment,
Where each lady did her best.
But every-one said, "A Song Without Words"
Was better than all the rest.
"A Song Without Words", I could not understand
No matter how hard I might try,
So I just gave a musical all by myself
To learn the reason why.
I played every piece from beginning to end,
I did not talk or sing,



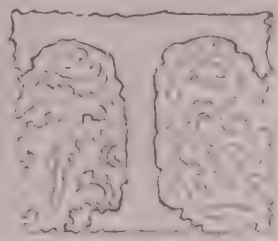
THE AUDIENCE.

I had a grand audience, too, of course,
Only nobody said a thing.
They all seemed to be just dumb with surprise.
Their wonder could not be expressed.
So, don't you see, "A Song Without Words"
Means, never a word from a guest.

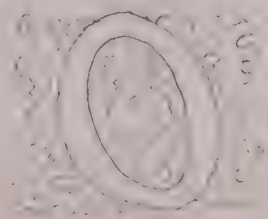


WHY. We went for a trip and
 left Papa at home
 But oh, it most made me cry
 For the great big waves used to call out loud
 "Didn't Papa come? Then why?"





he white caps too
would dance and skip



n the stones, as they hurried by,
But they all went so quick
I couldn't explain
That Papa was home, and why.



In an old **D**utch garden
with trailing vines
That were climbing away up high,
The thousands and millions of little flowers
Seemed to whisper
and ask me "Why?"



So I told 'em that
some-how I seemed to feel
All the time as tho' I should cry.
They answered,
"You want to see Papa, dear,
You are homesick,
that is why."

Leigh Cross Day.

My Boys.

I know not what the
future holds —
Its sorrows or its joys.
I only trust each year
unfolds

A blessing on my boys.

For those who sail this

Life's great Sea
Must always take an oar,
And oh! it means so much
to me

When their boats leave
the shore.

I know not if God's
richest gift

Will fall to each boy's
share.

I only know they cannot
drift

Beyond my love and care.

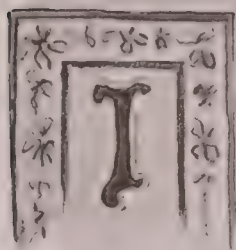
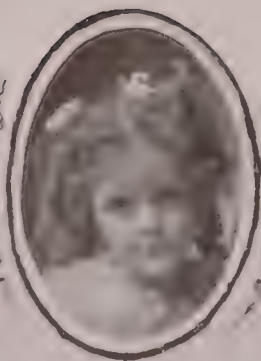




THE SNOWFLAKES MESSAGE.

I've been thinking 'twer a long, long time,
All about what I heard Mother say,
That if my baby brother were only here,
He is just fourteen today.

Now I'm sure I can't understand it,
Or what she means at all.
'Cause he is only a tiny baby
In his picture up there on the wall.



And that dear little golden haired baby is not half so big as me.
Of course, he is up in Heaven, but I'm afraid he's lonesome 'cause—
The angels came and took him fore he ever saw Santa Claus.


I have one of his baby stockings, and shall hang it with mine, then I know
Old Santa will read the letter when he finds one pinned on the toe.
I shall say in my note, Dear Santa, please leave some little toy
That will help to amuse and entertain a darling baby boy

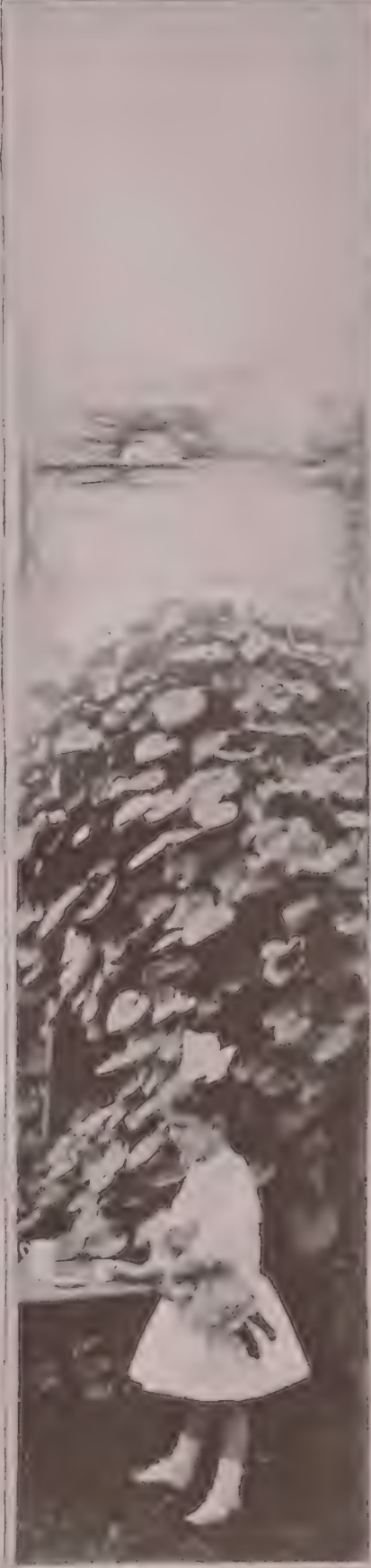
Then, when I find what he's left there, if the snow is still falling fast,
I shall bring it up here by the window where the flakes are hurrying past,
And ask them to take it to baby, as they dance and flutter by
On their way through the clouds and starlight to his home up there in the sky.

He will be very spriged to get it, and I know he will think it queer,
When the snow flakes bring his stocking, and that toy far away down here.
How I wish I could hug and kiss him, but the message will have to do,
'Cause the angels will tell him it came from the sister he never knew.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AT SHADOW-TOWN.


Just when the
 flowers
 Are going to sleep
 And the tall lazy
 shadows
 By our play-house creep,
 When there's never
 a bird or a bee
 in sight
 And even the
 wind
 Has said
 good-night.
 Just at this time—
 when the sun
 Is most down,
 We have
 five o'clock tea
 At Shadow-Town.





M

How much I love to see you play,
 As you sit by the window day
 And night, and when you are not out of sight
 How much I love to see you play,
 As you sit by the window day
 And night, and when you are not out of sight
 I am yours goodnight and love you good bye.





Go with the sun and gold,
 All the blessing we have down,
 So we may see the gate
 To Shaden - ever.



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